

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. IV.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

NO. 190.

TENNISON'S NEW POEM.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And dresses the old-pow'd hills
With living blue.

The blackbirds have their wills,
The thrushes too.

Open a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls,
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Before them flees the shower,
And burns the buds,
And shuns the level lands,
And dash the floods;

The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods;

The woods by living airs
How freshly fanned,
Light air from where the deep,
All down the sand,

Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land!

Oh, follow, leaping blood,
The season here!

Oh, heart, look down and up,
Secure, secure,

Warm as the crocus-sap,
Like the snowdrops, pure.

Pass, future, glimpse and fade

Three hours slight spell,
Some glances from under vale,
Some for the fall,

And sympathies, how frail,

Is sound and small.

Tell thy chucked note,
The twinkling bird,

The fairy fancies range,

And, lightly stir'd,

Ring little-bells of change

From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fits
The flower with dew;

The blackbirds have their wills,

The poets, too.

—*Youth's Companion.*

MARY'S LOVE ROMANCE.

In the drawing-room at Heathcoat, in the gray September twilight, Mary Meredith and Felix Trafford sat engaged in earnest conversation.

"I really cannot see any cause for your despair, dear Felix. Have I not told you how dearly I love you? No power on earth will ever force me to break my plighted troth to you. Have you no confidence in me?"

"All confidence, Mary; I know you will be true to me."

"Then what is it you fear?"

The old man started at these words but at length answered:

"In honor and manhood." Mary said no more. "The crisis is now upon me," continued Mr. Meredith. "In a few short days I shall be overwhelmed with misery if you do not rescue me. Mr. Ambrose has asked me for your hand. He has seen you many times and loves you."

"And Mr. Ambrose makes my hand the price of your safety?"

"No, he has not said so; but he is aware of my situation, and, knowing it, asks the hand of my child. It seems to me as if God had kept you free to save your old father from ruin. What answer am I to return to Mr. Ambrose?"

"My heart was broken long ago," Mary answered, looking into her father's face. "I will marry this man for your sake, but he must not expect affection, for I have none to give. Tell him this that he may not be deceived."

"I will bring him here to-morrow evening, for he is anxious that the interview shall be over."

Mr. Meredith was relieved, the fear of disgrace was removed from him, and he rejoiced in the prospect of a prosperous marriage for his daughter.

On the following evening Mary again sat by the drawing-room fire. She was alone now and calm, but her face was as pale as Parian marble. The outer door opened, and she heard the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall. Once more the image of Felix arose before her; a cold shiver passed over her hand and unbidden tears trembled in her eyes, but by a great effort she subdued her agitation before her father and the man about to buy her with his gold entered the drawing-room. Mary arose and extended her hand; it was as cold as ice, but did not tremble. She glanced at Mr. Ambrose and saw a man of medium height with brilliant dark eyes; a neatly-trimmed beard concealed the lower part of his visage. He greeted her politely, and took a seat. A short time was spent in conversation, but gradually a silence fell upon them which was becoming oppressive, when the visitor broke his humanity.

Dying of Thirst.

"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."

"I remember the time well," he continued, retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the banks of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were possible."

"Well, well, name it. I am always glad to favor you if I can."

Felix was greatly agitated, but summoned up all his courage and said:

"Mr. Meredith, I love your daughter. I do not, however, ask you to give her to me now. Only let me hope that when I prove to you —"

Mr. Meredith leaned back in his chair amazed. It had never occurred to him that this young clerk would dare to lift his eyes to his daughter.

"You are an ungrateful, treacherous scoundrel!" he cried. "Out of compassion for your friendlessness I admitted you to my house and my daughter's society, and you, villain, that you are, have taken the opportunity to steal into her confidence and win her inexperienced heart. Begone, sir, and never let me see your face again!"

"Listen to me one moment, Mr. Meredith."

"Not one second!" cried the old man, as he violently brought down his clenched fist upon the table. "Leave the house instantly or the servants shall thrust you out." And as if to put his threat into execution he fiercely rang the bell.

Felix staggered along the passage, his heart so oppressed with contending emotions that he was scarcely conscious of anything, he met Mary, who, alarmed at the violent ringing of the bell, was rushing to her father's study. Felix wildly threw his arms about her, kissing her again and again. Then he tore himself away and rushed from the house.

Many never knew what occurred at that terrible interview. Mr. Meredith was deaf to all her entreaties, and her lover had disappeared. The poor girl was stricken with brain fever, and for weeks her life hung in the balance. Repentance came too late to the unhappy father, for although sought for far and near Felix could not be found. At length youth and a good constitution brought health to the heart-broken girl. But this is the blooming young Hebe of seventeen summers was no more. In her place a tall, pale girl appeared, but with a beauty that even the most fastidious admired. The golden brown curls that clustered around her

temples lay in rippling waves upon a brow as pure as snow, and the soft, lustrous hazel eyes were an expression of sadness that told of the heart grief that would be hers forever.

Mr. Meredith traveled with his daughter through all the most attractive parts of Europe for a year. Then, at her request, he took her home. Mary had become a woman, a bright, intelligent, glorious woman, and crowds of admirers worshipped at her feet; but the image of Felix was still as fresh as ever in her heart, and the vows she had exchanged with him were never for a moment forgotten. Therefore, all offers of marriage were at once declined.

Time rolled on. Mary had now reached her twenty-eighth year, and still remained a maiden beneath the paternal roof.

One cold winter evening Mary sat by the glowing fire in her father's drawing-room. Her small white hands were clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes were cast downward until the long lashes lay like golden pencils upon her cheek. Near her, in his great-arm chair, sat Mr. Meredith, with the snows of many winters on his head and his face deeply furrowed by the hand of time. There was an expression of care upon his countenance. He looked troubled and unhappy.

"Mary," said he, continuing a conversation that had been going on between them, "all my life I have made your happiness my constant study and have given you a luxurious home. Now you are advancing in years and I shall be long separated from you by death. How can I leave you alone in this cold world? A home is now open to you and you must accept it. It is not because I owe this man a very large sum that I insist upon this marriage, although if you refuse him we will be sunk into the most abject poverty, for I would rather endure all the misery of the situation than risk your well-being; but I know you will be happy with Mr. Ambrose for a husband. He is good and kind as well as very rich."

"Rich in what, father?"

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"In honor and manhood." Mary said no more. "The crisis is now upon me," continued Mr. Meredith. "In a few short days I shall be overwhelmed with misery if you do not rescue me. Mr. Ambrose has asked me for your hand. He has seen you many times and loves you."

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MORMON WOMEN.

Their Lives and Conditions in the Land of the Saints.

A poverty-stricken Mormon is frequently the possessor of three or four wives. They all live in a single hut, and the children that are brought into the world are early taught sensuality and an utter disregard of moral law.

"Felix Trafford!" gasped the old man as he started to his feet. "Felix Trafford, my old clerk!"

"Yes, sir; the same. Do you retract your promises?"

"No, Felix, no. Take my Mary and forgive her father."

The happy suitor led Mary away to a seat and sat beside her with his arm still encircling her, as if he feared he might lose her again.

"Let us," he said, "forget all the past but its joys and look to the future for what true love can give us. I am now content, and you, my Mary, are you happy in the restoration of your love?"

"Ah!" she replied in a voice full of deep emotion, "happiness is too poor a word to express my great joy!"—*Evening Call.*

The Captain's Wife at Sea.

Some skippers' wives master the art of navigation. There are a number of instances on record where the wives of Captains who had died or had been lost overboard have taken command and brought their vessels safely into port. A few weeks ago a New Orleans woman who had learned thoroughly the art of navigation, applied for a license as master of a vessel. This being the first application of the kind from a woman the matter was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury at Washington and refused. Captains' wives are usually picked up who, as soon as they get to Utah, are appropriated by aged saints and toothless bishops.

The Church is doing all in its power to convert these women. The missionaries who travel in the South succeed in gaining many female converts, but as a rule they get nothing but the fools of the village, who, besides being dull of mind, are homely of face and form. In Europe, however, some very pretty peasant girls are picked up who, as soon as they get to Utah, are appropriated by aged saints and toothless bishops.

The converts from this section are sent to Colorado, where large colonies are springing up almost daily. European victims are settled in Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico. In Salt Lake City the Gentiles are to the Mormons as one is to five. The business there is almost entirely in the hands of the Mormons. The municipal government of the city is Mormon. The Mayor, the Common Council, the police force, the city courts and the fire department are all Mormon. The only hospital in the state is sustained by Gentiles. The Mormon poor—and there are many of them—often die in the streets.

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